

THE EVENING WORLD'S PAGE OF HUMOR



SENATOR DEPEW

Relates a Story Full of Genuine American Humor.

CLERICAL friend of mine told me a capital story of a Yale man who was the stroke oar of his crew and the chief athlete on the football field.

He entered the ministry and spent years in missionary labor in the far West. Walking one day through a frontier town, a cowboy stepped up to him and said:

"Parson, you don't have enough fun. Take a drink!"

The minister declined.

"Well," he said, "parson, you must have some fun. Here's a fare layout. Take a hand in the game."

"Parson," said the cowboy, "you'll die if you don't have some fun."

And he knocked the parson's hat off his head and hit him a whack on the ear.

The old athlete's spirit rose, the audience which had been seated in the college gymnasium and forgotten for a quarter of a century was aroused, and a blow landed on the jaw of that cowboy that sent him sprawling in the street.

The parson walked over him as if he had been a door rug, picked him up and dusted the side of the house with him and then mopped up the sidewalk with his form.

As the ambulance was carrying the cowboy off he raised his head feebly and said:

"Parson, what did you fool me for? You are chock full of fun."

JOSEPH WEBER

Makes a Joke or Two About Aguinaldo

PIN attracts no more to make come chokes by Aguinaldo. Because v-y, he has pin caught by Kansas Nation's chessman. Yarnet order twice times I forgot to pin.

Well, but joke is in.

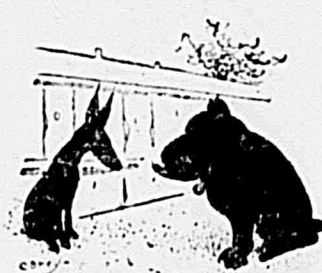
You got it up. All right, den de an axer pin dot Aggie is de mostest popular because he has enchoyd de longest run efer seen.

But my new races horse vont be named by Aggie.

Not on your life. No street.

Because Aggie's a it caught and my horse pin running set.

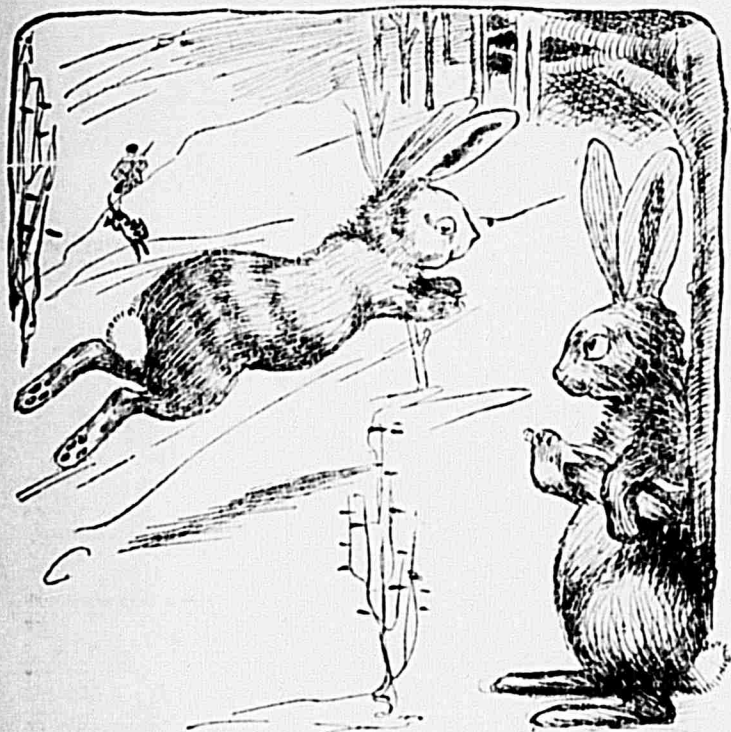
CLOSE THING.



Pin—As you lost the race by a nose, I understand?

Ball—Yes, but I won by a jaw!

A CHANGE OF SCENE.



Brother Rabbit, what's your hurry. Why this wild and frenzied rush? Why this big-eyed, bounding movement? Why this breaking for the brush?

Quoth Brother Rabbit, as he waved his left hind foot at me by stealth, "I have got heart palpitation. And I'm travelling for my health!"

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

THE MODERN FACTORY GIRL.

Some of the astigmatic persons who find present social conditions quite inferior to those that obtained in the good old times have been saying that the factory girl is not as distinguished now for "patience, virtue and intelligence" as she was half a century ago.

"Where among the spinners and weavers," it is asked, "are the Lucy Larcums and the Margaret Foleys?"

For that matter, where among the general public are the Hawthornes and the Lowells? The absence of the few brilliant lights of literature does not indicate that the popular intelligence is any less luminous.

Few will deny that we know more than our fathers knew and infinitely more than our grandfathers, in whose day these idealized mill girls existed.

What they gained in knowledge from the "little red school-house," with its brief winter term, their successors gain with greater ease from improved schools, and to this instruction, as a post-graduate course, they add the newspaper.

The modern factory girl knows more, dresses better, and gets more of the minor luxuries and many more of the creature comforts of life from her always insufficient wages than was possible to her predecessor of half a century ago.

As to her morals, we get an occasional glimpse from a Boscawen case of the temptations that beset and assail them.

On such occasions the public gains an appreciative idea of the lure that dangle seductively before the mill girls' eyes. It is Margaret and Faust again with only the stage setting changed.

And it is creditable alike to herself and her all too scant Sunday-school training that she keeps her character unblemished and her modesty unimpaired.

PLACING THE BLAME.

"My dear," said the meek Mr. Newell, "I don't like to complain, but this omelet you've made!"

"What's the matter with it?" she inquired.

"Well, it's rather hard to cut it, and—"

"Gracious!" I was afraid that man would send me tough eggs. I'll stop dealing with him!"

"The REAL DIFFICULTY."

"Yes, I'm studying French. I'm going to take a run over to Paris, you know."

"So you think that will help you, eh?"

"Why, certainly. It's easy enough to speak the language."

"Yes, but it's hard to make the Frenchmen understand it!"

"Nailed."

There was a committee to wait upon the legislator when he got home.

"It is generally reported," said the spokesman, "that you got your share of the money used to elect the United States Senator."

"It's a lie!" he cried.

"Ah! Then the public has been misinformed?"

"That's what I know of, but a dozen fellows that got more money."

"SO LONG."

"Do you keep long cotton gloves here?" inquired the old lady.

"We don't keep any longer than we can help," replied the fresh salesman.

"And you," remarked the proprietor, who had just happened along, "won't keep your job any longer than I can help."

"IN STYLE."

"The King's new title is Edward VII, isn't it?" inquired the patron who was waiting to have her new waist tried on.

"Yes," replied the dressmaker, "her mouth full of pins."

"The title is cut V-shaped, with two whalebones set in at the sides!"

"NECESSARY."

"Oh, yes, indeed. He must have his glass every morning before he goes to work."

"He doesn't look it. I don't believe you."

"Fast, nevertheless. He's a glazier."

"KEEPING IN TRIM."

Olden—What are you carrying those bricks and old cans for?

Wayout—Well, I didn't happen to have any bundles to-night, but I never allow myself to get out of training!

"THREE TYPICAL JOKES OF THE DAY."

A Different Girl.

"Well, it's settled that Columbia is to manage affairs in Cuba."

"No, it's Susie."

"Susie! What Susie?"

"Suzerainty."

The Latest Humbug Sale.

"A Pennsylvania junk dealer sold his wife to the ashman for 50 cents."

"Well, say, if she's that sort of a wife I'll bet the ashman will be around in a few days asking pay for carting her away."

A Brute Certainly.

"Well," she asked her old bachelor brother, as she took the baby away from him, "what do you think of the dear little darling, anyway?"

"Oh, I dunno," he said, "I guess mubby'll do to raise."

CHOICES AND JOKES.

The bony shad will soon be here. Nor will he come alone.

The funny men will spring, we fear. A joke (D) for every bone.

A LITTLE SERMON.

An old umbrella sold.

Yet I have gotten holey. By always keeping Lent.

CAN'T MISS IT.

Mr. Snow, the Blackville's famous right fielder, about to catch a fly.

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Can You Write a Joke?

It May Pay You to Try. The Evening World Will Give

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JOKES sent to it by next Thurs-

day night on any subject that is of fresh and newsy

interest—if it is also of local interest so much the

better.

\$10 FOR THE BEST. \$5 FOR THE SECOND.

\$5 FOR THE THIRD.

One Dollar Each will be paid for all jokes used that are not prize winners.

Send all jokes to the "Fun Editor, Evening World, P. O. Box 2354, New York City."

How Funny Are You?

SOME THINGS TO DO WITH HIM.

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PRO AND CON.

"You may talk as you please," said the public-spirited suburbanite, "but our town is all right. Why, look at our remarkably low death rate. That's an argument."

"Yes, that's an argument," interrupted the cursive city man. "It shows how very few people would care to be found dead there."

LUCKY PIN.

"Do you believe in luck?"

"Sure. Now, I had great luck to-day. On my way to work this morning I picked up a pin."

"For goodness' sake! You don't mean to say you believe in that old superstition?"

"No superstition about it. This pin had a diamond in it."

POET'S WAD.

"They say that Robert Burns in all his poetry never claimed for wealth, though at times he sadly needed it."

"I'm not sure about that. Don't you remember that he wrote 'Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us'?"

"What of it?"

"Why, don't you see that he's asking for a wad?"

IN SEASON.

Mr. Subbubs—Thank goodness the winter's nearly gone and the summer is coming.

"I'm not sure about that. Don't you remember that he wrote 'Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us'?"

"What of it?"

"Why, don't you see that he's asking for a wad?"

SELL.

"It must be awful," said the prison visitor, "to be in jail all the time."

"Yes," replied the facetious criminal, "I do find the prison bars grating."

"Life to you is certainly a failure."

"That's right. It's nothing but a cell."

HORSE ROLL.

"Here is another story of a horse eating a roll of currency."

"That comes of keeping him too much in harness."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that every horse should be permitted to take a roll once in a while."

LOUIS FIELDS

Discusses the Division of the Tenderloin.

LOTS great news about de Tenderloin yet vot it is?

Vy vot foolishness dot you hafn't informationed yourself about it yet.

Dome newses is dot de Tenderloin is to be divided up between two pieces.

Und I'll be me seven dollars de bolkes vill hoit on to de pieces vot de mostest "bones" is in.

Off dey wouldn't den you could purn me by de stake.

Pork chops! Dot don't mean Gaspains Japan!

MINISTER WU

Explains How a Chinaman Would Tell an American Joke.

ASKED to tell an American joke and a Chinese joke that had impressed him, Chinese Minister Wu threw up his hands in mock horror.

"How could I ever burden my mind with such things?" he said. "But you tell me an American joke!"

The interviewer presented the ancient legend of the tramp who rang the doorbell of Dr. Brown's residence. He was greeted by a stout, middle-aged female.

"Madam!" he said, "could you let me have a pair of Dr. Brown's cast-off pants?"

"Gracious!" shrieked the lady. "I am Dr. Brown!" and the tramp fled.

"Now, that joke," said Minister Wu, "is typically American. You see, the humor of it is in what it leaves to the imagination. It is inference, always inference. If a Chinaman were to tell that joke he would begin with the history of the woman and explain in detail how she happened to be Dr. Brown as well as how she did not wear the article of apparel with which the tramp thought Dr. Brown could supply him. I fear the joke would lose all its zest in the telling. Still, we are not as bad as the English. We may not be able to fathom the American joke, but we are quickly appreciative of humor."

"When the relations between America and China become closer I predict great popularity for the American after-dinner speaker with my countrymen."

BROUGHT TO BEY.

FAMILIARITY.

Count Spaghetti—Rags! Rags! Rags!!!

Wearry Clarence—Say, Dago, don't get so personal in your remarks, see!

AN EDITORIAL FOR WOMEN